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Back Again!

The chill snows lingered, the spring was late,
It seemed a weariful while to wait
For warmth, and fragrance, and song, and flowers,
And balmy airs and delicious showers.

But we bided our time, and with patient eyes
We watched the slow relenting skies,
Till at last one April morning we woke
To find we were free from the winter's yoke,

And a rush of wings through the rushing rain
Told us the birds were back again.
A joyous tumult we heard aloft—
Clear, rippling music and flutterings soft.

So light of heart and so light of wing,
All hope of summer, delight of spring,
They seemed to utter with voices sweet,
Upborne on their airy pinions fleet.

Dainty, delicate, lovely things!
Would that my thoughts, like you, had wings
To match your grace, your charm, your cheer,
Your fine, melodious atmosphere!

Precious and beautiful gifts of God,
Scattered through heaven and earth abroad!
Who, ungrateful, would do you wrong,
Check your flight and your golden song?

O friendly spirits! O sweet, sweet birds!
Would I could put my welcome in words
Fit for such singers as you to hear,
Sky-born minstrels and poets dear!

—Celia Thaxter, in St. Nicholas for April.

BURIED ALIVE.

When old Uncle Pellicoe died, he left his whole fortune to Peleg Pellicoe, a cousin forty years his junior.

"He's the only one of the name," said Uncle Pellicoe, when he made the will, "and though I didn't like him much, blood is thicker than water.

"Nat'rally, I suppose, I'd orter die sooner than he does, but I'm sort o' well and comfortable lookin', and unless I get a stroke o' numpalsy or suthin' another pisons me, I don't kinder calkerlate but what I'll make old bones.

"However, I'll get the will offen my mind, and then it will be settled. You needn't tell Peleg, and then he'll be sure to put nothin' in my witties that's unholsome."

So Lawyer Bunker "said nothing."

And when one day poor Mr. Pellicoe was found sitting bolt upright in a great Dutch seaside chair, with a roof to it—which he liked to read in of sunny days—with his eyes shut and his hands on his knees, and being called made no answer, and was pronounced dead by the doctor, "who surely ought to know," everyone said, Peleg was as much surprised at his good fortune as anyone.

He did not know it until after the funeral, of course, and then he burst into tears.

"I don't think I could hev been more keerful of Uncle Pellicoe than I was," he said; "but I don't feel as ef I'd half a'preciated him."

The heir lay in his warm bed that night, and thought for a long while over all that had come and gone.

He had the house and lands, and certain sums in the banks, and was to be called rich.

He could marry Miss Peyser, who had always seemed to him a very charming wife for anybody.

"Yes, if that man was a king," said Peleg. "And she is saving too." Peleg was "saving" himself. "Why, I'd give her a diamond ring for an engaged ring," said Peleg, with a sigh, "if it had been left me. Perhaps it was he said, 'Everything to Peleg Pellicoe.' But they didn't get it off. They wouldn't try. Seems to me, I'd orter hev had courage to try myself. It's very valuable."

He sat up on his elbow, and looked up at his window.

It was a bright night, though white clouds were scudding across a big yellow moon.

He could see the poplars in the graveyard quite plainly from his bed.

"Now, I could take the key of the vault," he said, "and go down to the churchyard, and go in with a lantern and get that ring off. I calculate I wouldn't be afraid to do it."

He got up as he spoke, and began to dress himself, wrapping well up, and tying a comforter over his ears. Then he lit a lantern, and opening his window, dropped to the grass below.

He passed nobody on the road, and opened the vault easily.

Then he hung the lantern high, and began opening the coffin.

Within, as he drew off the lid, he saw no terrible sight.

Uncle Pellicoe only seemed asleep. The hand with the ring upon it was crossed outside the other; the ring was still immovable, but Peleg was prepared for this.

He had brought a razor in his pocket. If the ring would not come off, the finger must. Then he would cross the other hand over it.

After all, it could do no good to Uncle Pellicoe to moulder into dust with a couple of thousand dollars' worth of jewelery shut up in his coffin.

Peleg set the lantern close to the coffin, and began to cut softly. The razor went in easily, but Peleg was not so brave as he thought he was. He shuddered and shrank back.

In a moment he had nerved himself to go on, but as he turned towards the coffin a pair of hands were stretched towards him, one of them dripping with blood. A voice shrieked something. He was clutched closely, and coffin, lantern, himself, and what he supposed to be a ghost, tumbled to the ground together.

He was on his feet in a moment. So was the ghost after him. He ran, the ghost after him. He climbed the churchyard wall. The ghost attempted it, failed, and was tottering to the earth, when Peleg looked back. He saw that this was no ghost, but a real man, and came back again.

"Oh, Uncle Pellicoe," he said, "be you alive?"

"I be," said Uncle Pellicoe. "I'm bleedin' awful."

"Come to the doctor," said Peleg. "I'll carry you. Oh, Lord, you was buried alive! Oh, 'twas a inspiration led me to go to your tomb. I says to myself, uncle is alive. So I come and took a razor to you. That allus brings folks to, ef they aren't real dead."

"Does it?" gasped Uncle Pellicoe, as he was dumped on the doctor's porch, while Peleg bellowed, "Doctor, doctor!" at the top of his lungs.

The doctor came down. There was a great commotion. The dead-alive was put to bed, fed with restoratives, and the cut on his finger plastered up.

The news spread. Reporters from several papers arrived before noon, and Uncle Pellicoe would have been interviewed in his bed but for the doctor's mandate to the contrary. As it was, Peleg saw all comers, and this was the story he told:

"I was a-lying on my bed, a-looking at the moon, and shedding a few nat'ral tears for my poor Uncle Pellicoe that had left me everything, when I kinder thunk I heard a voice sayin', 'Rise up, Peleg!' So up I riz. I looked about me, but I saw nothin'. But I heerd the voice—'Peleg! Peleg!' 'Mighty me!' says I, 'what does it mean?' And I jest put on my things, and took a lantern down as if it was market day, and the voice comes again:

"'Peleg,' it says, 'Peleg, go to the family vault and open your Uncle Pellicoe's coffin, and cut his finger with a razor for to see if he is dead.'

"So I says: 'Yes, I will,' sez I. 'It's a fearful trial,' sez I; 'but I will.'

"So I goes.

"I takes the razor, and I goes. I opens the vault, and I goes in—the voice before me—and I unscrews the coffin, sees uncle a smilin' in his own bennyvolent way, and cuts his finger. In a minnit blood flows. Up he jumps, throws his arms about me, and I carries him to the doctor's. Here he is alive and getten well. Glory be to thankin'!"

The reporters took his words down, and went away, and Uncle Pellicoe kept on getting better. One day he went out riding for the first time, and stopped at Miss Peyser's.

Miss Peyser, knitting, sat on the piazza. She smiled at Uncle Pellicoe, and held out her hand, and said:

"Glad to see you well again, Mr. Pellicoe. And what a romance! What a strange interposition of Providence. How you must love Peleg now."

Uncle Pellicoe looked at her gravely, and shook his head.

"I do thank Providence," he said; "but as for Peleg—them stories is a lot of fibs. He came down to the vault to get my ring—to rob the dead! That's the truth, Peggy Peyser. I shan't tell nobody, but I'm going to get a wife to take care of me. I don't want to die of slow poison. I say, Peggy, this ring is the one; doctor took it off. It's a costly ring, and real purty. Try it on."

Miss Peyser tried it on. The day she married Uncle Pellicoe, Peleg went away, with a few hundred dollars in his pocket, to seek his fortune.

Nobody in —— knew whether he found it or not.

People say Uncle Pellicoe was ungrateful to him; but he keeps his own counsel.

"I won't disgrace my kin," he says to his wife and the doctor, the only participants of his secret. "Blood is thicker than water; but I haint got no use for Peleg Pellicoe any longer."

Then Mrs. Pellicoe looks down at the old Pellicoe ring shining upon her finger, and shudders.

The Confederacy's Hidden Treasure.

Just before the late war closed the Weed building, on Second street, was filled with gold and silver coin belonging to the confederacy. The treasure was guarded night and day by a home company, composed of citizens too old or otherwise unfit for the regular army. In this company were two brothers, whose homes were in an adjoining county, but who had refugeed, with their families, to Macon. One dark night, when the rain poured down in torrents and the guards sought refuge in what was then the Methodist book depository, the two brothers, who were among the guards, told their comrades they would keep guard in the rain. While the others were being sheltered from the rain the two men effected an entrance into the building and secured a keg of the gold, which they managed to carry off under cover of the intense darkness and secrete. This gold was buried on a subsequent night on the land belonging to the brothers. When the war closed they sought to dig up the treasure, but it could not be found. They could only dig at night for fear of being watched by their neighbors, but after a long search they failed to find the money. Two years ago the money was found several hundred yards from the locality at which they had looked for it years ago. They had mistaken the panel of fence that marked the spot. The brothers divided the money and went west to live, and are now enjoying life.

Col. William B. Johnson, who had charge of the money of the confederacy in Macon, is inclined to discredit the story for the reason that none of the money was missing. He says Mr. Memminger, secretary of the treasury, ordered $3,500,000 in coin to be sent from Montgomery to Macon. Soon afterward $1,000,000 was drawn to be sent to Nassau to pay for arms, blankets, etc. The coin was put up in strong kegs, which held each $50,000 in gold. The silver kegs held $5,000 each. Several months before Gen. Wilson reached the city the coin was ordered to Columbia, S. C., where there was a depository, and from there to the army. The treasure was guarded on its way to Columbia by thirty citizens of Macon, who brought back a receipt for every keg.—*Macon (Ga.) Telegraph.*

In lieu of a society for the prevention of cruelty to animals in Dakota, the annexed provision is carefully adhered to: "When animals are left hitched in the open air during cold weather or in the nighttime they shall be taken care of by an officer, and the charges therefor shall be a lien upon the animal, and upon conviction any person so leaving them shall pay a fine not to exceed $25."

An hour a day is devoted by S. N. Silver, of Auburn, Me., to eating. He eats but one meal a day, but no more at this one than if he took the other two daily. This he has kept up for five years, and has in that time increased his weight twenty-five pounds. His wife has had perfect health for the past three years on one meal a day. He says that fifteen or twenty of his acquaintances have adopted the system.

NEGRO FRAILTIES.

Some of the Trials Which the Southern Housekeeper Must Endure.

Light and darkness, sunshine and shadows strangely blend together all through life and in the negro character the good and evil is indiscriminately mixed up, with the down weight in favor of the evil. In all human natures I question if any can call forth as many petty, annoying disagreeable traits of character as that of our ebony-hued domestics. Self-interest is the ruling power which prompts every action and the reward to come actuates every proffer of assistance.

I do not speak unadvisedly when I affirm that it is a part of the freedman's religion to dislike the white man and to injure and secretly appropriate his property. Still, underlying their general demeanor there is a species of urbanity, deference, and humility which is an outcrop of their policy, and not of their true, genuine good will to "de white folks." Yet I think the negro man is less bitter and possesses more agreeable characteristics than the dusky daughters of our soil, for I will place the sulky, contentious, sluggish, "freed lady of color" against the entire domestic world for disagreeableness. They can try you to the utmost limits of your patience and exult in your discomfiture and annoyance and maintain their stolid indifference to the end.

It is not generally conceded that the darky is very apt or possessed of unusual inventive genius, yet they combine the two qualities in an unusually exalted degree, for who can deny that where a negro is caught in a very tight place they are extremely apt at inventing a very plausible excuse for being in that place. I have known a "hand" to be caught in the field with a well-stuffed bag of corn on his shoulder to solemnly affirm that he "jis dun tuck dat sack away from a strange nigger and 'fore de Lord he wus jis dat minit a-gwine to fotch it to de boss." He wouldn't "in no wise steal corn, kase he could get nuff jis fur de axing."

They cling as tenaciously to a fabricated statement of their own fertile imagination as if it were gospel truth, and as unblushingly as if their characters for veracity were unimpeachable. Perhaps, just at present, I am not in a very charitable frame of mind toward the darkey world, for I am for the twentieth time undergoing the trying ordeal of having my help "seek religion."

This simple statement will call forth the sympathy of many a southern housekeeper, and palliate my bitterness, but for the benefit of the inexperienced I will describe the symptoms of a sinner suffering under the conviction of unpardoned sins. A very long face, with a more mournful expression than the one which denotes "sulks," ushers in the proceedings. The listless air, preoccupied manner, tightly-closed mouth, the martyr-like bearing, constitute a picture so fresh and vivid that I shudder even as I write. To smile is indeed a crime of serious magnitude, for which double penance must be paid in the shape of a still more lugubrious expression of countenance. Each and every little reprimand is construed into a "censo," which must be borne by the "seeker" with all meekness—the greater the trials the more complete the victory.

Your work is sadly neglected, "kase" your help "ain't got no hart to wurk while she is seeking de salbation ob her soul," and altogether I hardly can determine which is the greater of the two evils, an acute attack of chills or a prolonged spell of "religion seeking."

But all things must end, and early some morning you will be rudely aroused from the blissful matutinal dreams by the soul-freed shouts of your "heart's trial," and be regaled with the pleasing information that "I'se dun cum frew wid the blissid religion ob our Sabior; I's sarched de Lord airly and late, and, tank de High King, I'se dun foun' him; I'se bin to de golden gate, I'se knocked, and I has entered into de kingdum; I is a reserrected sinner, and I is washed as white as snow." Knowing full well your "help" is far too happy to descend to the sublunary realities of cooking breakfast, you mechanically don your own clothes and proceed to the kitchen, while the liberated sinner sallies forth to scatter abroad "de blessed news."

It is just a scene like this, and the enforced necessity of preparing such a meal that suggested this exposure of negro frailties and which prompts the wish that all our work could be done by machinery.

The mere thought is filled with bliss and rest at the same time. I must compromise with my better self by extending to the descendants of our old "uncles and aunties" my best wishes for their future advancement and prosperity, for the kindly remembrances of our childhood "mammies" prompt many kind thoughts for their worthless latter-day representatives.—*Philadelphia Times.*

A Talking Piano.

A representative of the "Societe Anon Des Vienna" has arrived in New York with a talking piano. The piano consists of a representation of the head and face of a man with rather a large mouth and tongue. The larynx and facial organs are perfectly constructed, and a bellows serves as the lungs. The bellows is worked by the feet, and fourteen letters of the alphabet are on a key board like that of a piano. The keys are played upon, and the mouth opens. The tones can be modulated quickly or slowly and the movements of the rubber mouth and the tongue are similar to natural ones. The sounds of a number of letters not upon the key-board are produced by partly closing or opening the larynx. For instance, "I" is produced by closing the larynx somewhat and striking "D." The machine, as was acknowledged this morning by the exhibitor, can be of no practical value except for a study of the voice and for the purposes of exhibition. The same machine was privately exhibited a number of years ago.

A Louisville gentleman boasts of having a silver spoon, heavily plated with gold, which was used by Shakspeare in the zenith of his glory.

A Singular Fatality.

In the extracts from Gen. Grant's book of "Personal Memoirs" recently given in the dispatches there is an account of his meeting at Appomattox with Gen. Lee to arrange the terms of surrender of the forces under the latter's command. Gen. Grant says: "It occurred at the house of a man named McLean who was a confederate general." This is a mistake. Wilmer McLean, the person referred to, was not in the southern army at all. He was a non-combatant and over the age for conscription at the time of the war. He must, however, have thought there was a fatality attending his movements, as he involuntarily witnessed the first battle of Bull run and the close of the war at Appomattox. He was a native of Alexandria, Va., who, after being engaged for some time in business in that town—the firm of Kerr & McLean, wholesale and retail grocers, was years ago well known throughout the surrounding country—moved out near Manassas and engaged in farming. His house was taken by Gen. Beauregard as his headquarters previous to and after the battle of Bull run. McLean moved away from the place after the fight and purchased another place at Appomattox, for the express purpose of removing his family from the scene of war. Instead, however, of succeeding in this the warlike operations shifted to his immediate neighborhood, and his own house was again occupied for military purposes. It has become famous in history, and the name of its owner, with all his reluctance to be connected with the war, and his endeavor to escape from it, is indelibly associated with the closing scene of the great drama. The table on which the terms of surrender were drawn by Gen. Grant, accepted by Gen. Lee, and signed by them, was purchased by Gen. Ord, and was a conspicious article of furniture in his parlor at his house at Black point when that officer was in command of this military department. The general always called the attention of visitors to it, and was fond of narrating the incidents connected with the surrender, at which he was present, being a corps commander. The table was a substantial mahogany round table of the old-fashioned parlor size. It was made at Green's cabinet factory in Alexandria, Va., and had been many years in the possession of McLean before it became identified with the grand historical event of Lee's surrender.—*San Francisco Alta.*

Bullying in the House of Commons

There is no ordeal of bullying more severe than that of the House of Commons. Out of about 650 gentlemen who would not incur the expense and trouble of getting into Parliament if they did not covet distinction there are not more than 50 who achieve distinction, and the rest—the 600—are silent voters. Why are so many doomed to obscurity at Westminster? How is it that not quite 10 per cent. of the members get the ear of the House? On the average the silent 600 could speak just as well as the talking 50. Nay, among the silent 600 are several who prove by their speaking elsewhere that they are better orators than most of the 50 talkers. It is the bullying that causes their utter failure at Westminster. A very inferior member will get the ear of the House if he is not cowed by bullying, and the most gifted member will be a nobody at Westminster if he is not cowed by bullying. How Lord Beaconsfield was bullied! The bullying began with his first speech, and it was continued almost to the end of his career. I do not refer to hostile criticism, which, however unjust, vehement, and unscrupulous, is not bullying. I refer to the sneering, jeering, and insolent yelping. How heriocally he endured it! He was not insensitive, but he had the wonderful courage to appear impassive in the hour of defeat, and to seem indifferent to the stinging of ungenerous and ungracious insolence. It is to be observed that he had not the advantage of a public school training, but he was one of those rare men who triumph over disadvantages. Oh, silent six hundred, if you had a tithe of the capacity of Benjamin Disraeli to endure bullying, at least 550 of you would be talkers. Oh, what a boon that would be to the nation! Then only the necessary business of the country would be done, and we should be spared any more doctoring and tinkering.—*Tinsley's Magazine.*

A Kiss On the Shoulder.

On one occasion I was to dine with him at the house of Mme. Edmond Adam, who is the editress of the Nouvelle *Revue* and who has one of the most fashionable salons in Paris. Gen. Galliffet was late. He finally arrived at 7:15 and advanced toward the hostess, who was standing near the mantelpiece.

Mme. Adam wore a beautiful dress of black velvet, with a very decollete corsage, above which her brunette beauty shone like a marble of Pradier's.

Galliffet advanced, bowed, and said with admiration:

"Sapristi! Those beautiful shoulders!"

And then, in too stiff and soldierly a manner perhaps, he bent over and lightly printed a kiss on her right shoulder.

Mme. Edmond Adam grew rosy with indignation and slapped the general's face.

This did not trouble him in the least. He bowed again with infinite respect and, with a gesture of admirable fatuity, said:

"Since I know the price?" And kissed the other shoulder.—*San Francisco Ingleside.*

of Winter the cells are seldom warmed, never sufficiently; at least the fuel assigned for the purpose is insufficient, and embezzled at that. Hence, the cells are always damp. Water streams down the walls and freezes in pools on the floor. So intense is the cold that when the director makes his rounds he never takes off his fur cloak, and shivers even then.—*St. Petersburg Letter.*